The Charles Viewer
Fisher College 2001

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THE CHARLES VIEWER

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Art and Literature by the students of Fisher College 2001

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In your hands you hold the 2001 edition of *The Charles Viewer*. As an editor, I was thoroughly impressed with the submissions of my fellow students and their willingness to share their work with our student body. Bear in mind as you read each poem or story, see each photo or drawing, that you are discovering the work of someone's individual mind, based on an individual experience, and pulled together into this collective volume. In selecting the literary morsels that make up this buffet of language, I looked for the pieces that best captured a single moment of inspiration in the writer's life. Many of these are sad, and acrid on the soul, some of them are happy and will send the endorphins from your brain like water from a showerhead. Whatever the situation, be careful! There is a certain power to the written word that could catch you off guard, make you feel a way you've never felt before. With this in mind, prepare to enter the souls of your peers...

-Richard Greene, April 2001

For their assistance and support, we would like to thank:
President Christian Fisher, Roberta Cantor: Sr. Vice President of Administration, Charles Perkins: Associate Dean of Academic Affairs, Gail Murphy: Director of Purchasing, Dr. Dean Walton: Liberal Arts Program Director, and John Martino: Academic Support Center Director, and Dr. Elizabeth Goldberg, our expert and tireless reader.

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Behind the Velvet Rope

As the clock strikes ten, the lights dim, a smoky hue fills the air, and pulsating sounds of "house" music resound throughout the room, creating a dreamlike fantasy world where persons gather to escape the realities of the work day behind them. People glancing at each other from each side of the room plot their approach: what will they say? Who will they claim to be? In this, the club scene, ordinary individuals become extraordinary actors; disguised in fashionable clothes and beatified by red lightning. I am one of those people whose true identity becomes reshaped: from being and overall friendly individual and turning into a judgmental intimidator.

As I strain to wake up one average Friday morning, I prepare myself slowly for the night ahead. I quietly sit through my classes during the day, speaking only when spoken to, calmly waiting for the time to come for my metamorphosis, mentally scanning my wardrobe for the perfect outfit for the night. Having few friends and preferring it so, I spend my lunch hour alone, watching and analyzing those around me. In these circumstances, however, I do not pass judgment or draw conclusions about them as I would be in a club setting later. An avid lover of psychology, I just watch curiously as my classmates and peers interact and study their apparent personalities. Until I worked in nightclubs, I had underestimated the informative value of observing others.

The day passes and the time comes for me to prepare for my performance. I arrange my hair perfectly making sure not one strand stays out of place and slip into the outfit I had picked out earlier that day. Meticulously I paint on my mask, keeping a close eye on the time as I draw the soft shades of brown onto my newly washed face. Ready to go, dressed in black from head to toe, I glance subjectively at myself in the mirror, assessing my appearance and head swiftly out the door.

Finally, I arrive at my destination, excited by the long line of partygoers queuing to enter the premises. As I step over the velvet rope, I smile coyly at the others as I am stuck by an overwhelming feeling of power. Slowly walking along the carpeted corridor toward the section I am responsible for. I glance around the room, head held high, surveying the crowd. Upon entering my small section, I grab my walkie-talkie, insert the earpiece firmly into my ear and am suddenly, it seems, I am filled with a sense of authority. Standing intimidatingly erect, behind my velvet rope I wait almost impatiently for a curious client to ask me the inevitable question, " What does it take to get into this section?"

My job requires me to manage a section we call the VIP section. Only a limited amount of people are to be allowed access to this section and it has been left up to me, with directions from the owner, to decide who should be granted this "privilege"; however, in the club scene, it seems that everyone claims themselves to be more important then the next and feel they should be allowed in to the forbidden room. Although not judgmental outside my work environment, I have learned from experience that certain circumstances, such as nightclubs, bring out the worst people. They tend to pretend to be much more then they actually are and expect to be treated accordingly to their fictitious identity. I had then to learn how to see through these lies and draw conclusions from the inconsistencies in their behavior. I must admit that this gives me a

tremendous impression of superiority as I turn most of them away, leaving the reserved space for those who are truly deserving of the title " Very Important Person," unless of course, my judgment is momentarily biased by the unmistakable sensation of a Thomas Jefferson being pressed into my palm.

The night having come to an end, staff hurriedly count their money while the house lights are raised like the sun coming up over the dreamlike world. Voices of eager to finish doormen warn the crowd that the time has come for them to move in to their nest destination. Somewhat disappointed that my night has come to its conclusion, I think all my customers and head towards the exit. Stepping out into the cold winter air, feeling naked without my earpiece, the sense of power I had experienced earlier proving only to have been an illusion, I shyly walk to my car, enter and drive off into the night. Ashamed, I realize that I too was no better then all those I had turned away during the night for I had put on my own performance that night; and what a good one it had been.

Anne-Marie Conn

A Favorite Place From Childhood

Clear green-blue water
White glittering sand
Smell of home cooked food
Tall palm trees full of coconuts
Sweet fruits hanging from the trees
Family gathering on Sundays
Sun shining down like a red-hot fireball
Music making you dance until you drop
Dolphins jumping through the clear water
Moving swiftly over it with a Jet Ski

-Nelson E. Laboy

Say No

"Hi! Shawn here, wanna go out for a movie or something?" My answer used to always be "sure" for practically every question my friends asked me, whether my intention was really so, or whether my agenda allowed so. Because of that, I usually ended up doing things I didn't really want to and procrastinating something else that was of more importance. But after moving out to stay alone, I had more things I needed to attend to personally that would otherwise be dealt with by my mother. Things like doing the laundry, going to work or even simple things like waking up for school on time or going to the ATM to get my rent money. And if these things didn't get done on time, I faced pretty heavy consequences like getting evicted or getting fired from my job and left with no money, or I would have to wear dirty clothes and be late for school. Problems like that when you are out there alone fending for yourself can really be demoralizing and tedious. So the only way was to deal with my problems was to start saying "No" to my friends and organizing my time.

My friends didn't take it too well at first when I turned down their offers to hang out or go clubbing since I already built up a reputation for myself as the "I'm-ready-for-fun-anytime girl". They thought I became snobbish and too egoistic for them after I had a place and life of my own. It wasn't a good feeling dealing with that, as when you're out alone, you really need the support of your friends a lot, whether it was morally or physically. I felt really down and at a loss so I devoted my time to doing my chores,

Organizing my time, studying, working and everything that needed to be done. I even had time alone to think about things that never crossed my mind when I was depending on my parents for a living. I had time to think about who my true friends were and which were just acquaintances. That really helped in looking at people and other things in a better perspective. I started to understand myself better and knowing who I could trust and who I could not. My life became more organized and I could now say I really am able to survive alone without any help from my parents, which meant I had proven myself to my disbelieving parents and acquired an important skill in life as an adult.

Knowing what I have accomplished, I was ready to face my family again and they were also very impressed by my effort and accomplishment. Therefore my decision to move out really taught me very important life lessons I could never have learnt in school. I learnt to have a mind of my own and say "No" to people when necessary. I learnt to organize my time and prioritize things as well as friends. I really had a good look at the life beyond my mother's apron strings and at the people around me. Most importantly I realized how important my family was to me and how much I really needed them and their support even if I was able to support myself. This is one important life lesson that I could only have learnt through my own experience and not from something out of a textbook.

Irene Pe

RECOGNITION

You're no longer the thread
That plays the musical notes
That makes me dance
I am just chancing
What is present now, disappear
Nothing is to be held on to
Not even you.

-Miriolle Mesilas

Growing into Shaving Gel

I believe that everyone carries the voice of a least one parent in their heads no matter where they go. My "voice" belongs to my father and has been as persistent as rain until the day I discovered shaving gel. Three years after I moved away from home, I was living and working on a farm; one of the college students from the summer had left a can of *Gillette* for woman on the edge of the bathtub. I hadn't even noticed it until I saw the brown ring of rust it was making on the white enamel. As I reached for the can, I could hear my father's voice shuffling through my mind like old dead leaves.

I don't think I'll ever understand why my father eschewed conventionality so vehemently, but every aspect of his life was a statement against "society." When I was two, my father turned an orange school bus into a home and from then on, our life was traveling from flea market to flea market, selling whatever odd things he bought for dirt cheap or fished out of a dumpster. He was very proud of the fact that he never paid rent p0r taxes. We lived off of soy sauce and tofu, and wore recycled clothing. He did not believe in education (he made a point of letting my brother and I know that we had been spared from an awful fate; having to get up every morning and go to school), and he certainly did not believe in shaving gel.

All the things other kids took for granted—soda, hamburgers, bubblegum, trips to the mall, proms—were completely foreign to me. For my brother, getting his hair cut at the age of eighteen was as intense as rebellion as getting a nose ring or a tattoo would be for any other teenager.

My mother was voiceless in the family. She had rejected her strict Catholic upbringing at a young age, dropped out of art school, met my father while hitchhiking across California, and then I was born. She went along with all my father's views, wore long colorful skirts, sprouted alfalfa in *Ball* jars and didn't shave her legs until after my father left her for another woman sixteen years later.

After the separation, my brother and I lived with my father in a house in Santa Fe. When I was a teenager, my mother came to visit and left a brown plastic razor in the soap holder of the shower; I picked it up and began to hack at the dark growth under my arms. My had father never noticed my shaven armpits but my mother did, " what did you use to shave with?"

"The shaver that you left in the shower."

"No, I mean what did you use on your skin?"

"Oh…I didn't use anything."

"You'll tear up your skin that way. Use soap or conditioner."

She bought me my own set of razors. My father didn't believe in buying hair conditioner, I shaved with soap form then on.

I didn't even know shaving gel existed until I was 20. The first time I squeezed a clear pink squiggle of gel into my palm I was fascinated by the way the stuff foamed into a dense white lather on my skin. And my father's voice was smoothed quite by each swath of the blade as I shaved. I was so elated by my new discovery that I used up almost

half of the can and turned the bath water milky and opaque. By the time I stepped out of the tub and toweled my satiny legs dry, my father's voice was almost completely muted.

Anonymous

They said it would rain today…
I was holding the sheets to my chin…
Pill and liquor storms are in season.
I have knotted philosophies to my fingers.
What happens to the world when you've slept a year?
Do nightmares become stone?
Do solids soak like sponges?
When finally waking…
Punishment can come in the simplest forms.
Tired eyes can conjure like mystics.
I was holding still…
But even the stillness can rock with dreams.

Kira Brooks

OF A SPECIAL ONE

Always thought people were crazy
Said true love did put them there,
And made their judgment hazy,
Stead of freedom was a snare.

Oh God, I was so wrong,
Loves not happy, love is sad
It hurts and tears and bites,
Not just crazy, makes you mad!

If you have never sobbed,
And you have never swore,
And tried to rip out your shredded heart,
And throw it on the floor.

Then you have never loved, don't be sad, exult with joy.
It's a curse that God's not given to every girl and boy.

-Graham Patterson

In Search of Complete

To live a little, I spread my legs...
And now I'm forever in search of hips that will perfectly fit the absence there...
I gave myself over to the assembly line lifestyle...
Of dating and fucking and crying to sleep...
And now the tormented nights of innocence
Seem all to sweet.
If ever the answer was not worth the questioning...
I've kissed the mattress
But I find more interest in patterned sheets...
And I wonder
If maybe I skipped something, maybe I've just neglected the light switch,
That will illuminate sins, and
Tell me that nutrue has not forgotten my mind
That nature's not thoughtless- that matings not blind...
And that every man who's pushed past my heart
Are just inept pretenders who I thought were a start...
Could there still be a secret, a lost cave of wonders...
A higher emotion then just and disappointment...
That someday my jaded know it all act,
Will fall into brambles and forever break it's back,
And sex will join love, and man will separate from beast...
And then that space will be filled,
Not with flesh, not with heat-
But with something I finally knows makes me complete.

Feb. 28, 01 Wednesday

I think I scream
When you hold me
I will fight
the love

I've been trapped inside
Hidden, lost, no escape
I'll hide forever
From your love

So you've tried to save
her
Just a quiet little girl, scared
of love

Blue eyes, screeching sanity
Holding out
Hold her hand, she'll run
From love

I watch her scream
Held down
Panic
There is no love

What is sex
Impulse detached
Hold her tight
And make your love

Not hers
She says
He says
He threatened love

Held down, she screams
Death: that's what she feels like
tears ran down her neck
As I kissed her
Softly
Holding him down
Inside of me

The Opposite

He's the one that no one seemed to notice
His fierce smile pressed
Against mental vision --
Brown skin which seems
To turn bronze at the sight of the sun.
He belched my name aloud:
It's funny the things he did
Thinking that he'd have me.
And the one who nearly paid me no mind
Past his gloomy complexion was that golden
Smile, pierced in my daily dreams.
Those angry lips against my cheek
I was needing him, and he was wanting me.
We who never felt the same
Only when he said *hello* in belched
Echoes did I notice his smile.
We're total opposites, too alike to even
Want one another
Too demanding to give in

Miriolle Mesilas

Kira Brook

I Remember

Everything was in those four boxes, Kim said. I looked at her dry heavy ahdns and saw they were trembling slightly. Those brown, strong hands had helped my grandmother for years. They had bathed her, held numerous trays of pills and brushed smooth her gray hair to the flicker of late night TV.

I have never done any of those things for my grandmother. Grandma Moonie, as she liked me to call her, had lived in Florida. She had died the day before.

It's impossible to get sick of Florida's air unless it's ripe with car exhaust. I want to talk about it like I would a good cookie, warm, sluggish, moist, satisfying and sweet. The air hit me as I walked from the airport. I felt like a donkey, the bag hanging by my sides simultaneously balancing and strangling me. It would be a gorgeous day for my grandmother's funeral.

Noon in the sunshine state. Sunlight ignited the concrete like a think coat of gold paint.

Now I was standing in my dead grandmother's closet, in a dull green, dead light. Years of cherished items held court over chipped chachkas and mothball housecoats. All I could think, as the small gray walls hugged my shoulders and the boxes sat before me, swollen with my grandmother's clothes was if she would have wanted me to be there.

We were the same dress size. She, towards the end of her life never wore any of the nicer outfits. These had been packed away, like children's stuffed animals they sat and wondered if they'd ever again be graced with attention. I doubted I was a satisfactory replacement for my once regal grandmother. If those clothes could talk. A child from some wild city…a girl without connection other then name was awkwardly claiming their charm.

First contact. I placed my hand lightly on the edge of ripping cardboard. My fingers held back the flap, like the bark on a tree, or the skin of a potato I was peeling back to try and understand what was underneath.

My grandmother stared back at me. Her think neck, and wrists lay buttoned. Her neglected legs, limp in the wheelchair, were folded neatly under her pink silky back as she slept.

To try, among the plaster and Ikea shelves to understand a woman who loved you, but didn't love you enough to know you is absurd.

Grandma Moonie, in her olden day photos, had mink and highlighted blond waves: a true starlet. The mascara and lipstick told me nothing of her age or character, but those pictures told me where she had come from.

These clothes I quietly, humbly woke were from those photos. They had lived in those fast paced, perfumed country clubs. They had traveled to Cuba on a ship for their honeymoon and had slid through clouds of cigarette smoke while brass and percussion echoed off marble ballrooms.

Everything ends up somewhere. One day the hope diamond will be lost in an apocalypse or a world war and that which had had so much meaning will be splattered with mud, or be rescued to sparkle in the hand of an unknowing child.

Grandma didn't know I'd be trying on her clothes. Maybe I was trying to place her blessing on my own head. Maybe I was disrespecting her exit and making too much of a fuss over the frivolities of material inheritance. Maybe I looked stunning in her silk blouse and knit skirt.

The sun was setting and Florida went all out, exhausting reserves of fluorescent pink, peach and orange edged inn purple, blue.

I was standing by grandma's bed, The cheap Venetian blinds rolled up and away. The window made seductive because of what it reveled. I was watching the sun set on a foreign sky, but for the moment I could understand her. I saw what she must have seen.

Kim clucked behind me. I turned and saw those hands, steady now, reach out and smooth the back of my grandmother's blouse, and I kept still, because I was wearing the blouse, and Kim wasn't really seeing me.

She had been my grandmother's only companion in old age. Every night she had rolled down the blind to let grandma sleep.

"It's fits you fine." She stated with that southern lilt that made you think of ice tea and the hum of ceiling fans.

"Your grandmother would have wanted you to wear it"

Grandma, this other being now, this other being before…she had changed from starlet to wife, to mother, to window, to pained and frustrated, to silent and weary. I have never known her to tell me what she wanted of me.

The carpet was so soft and full under my feet I felt rooted to that room. I was faintly aware of Kim leaving, and my eyes drifted back over the clothes.

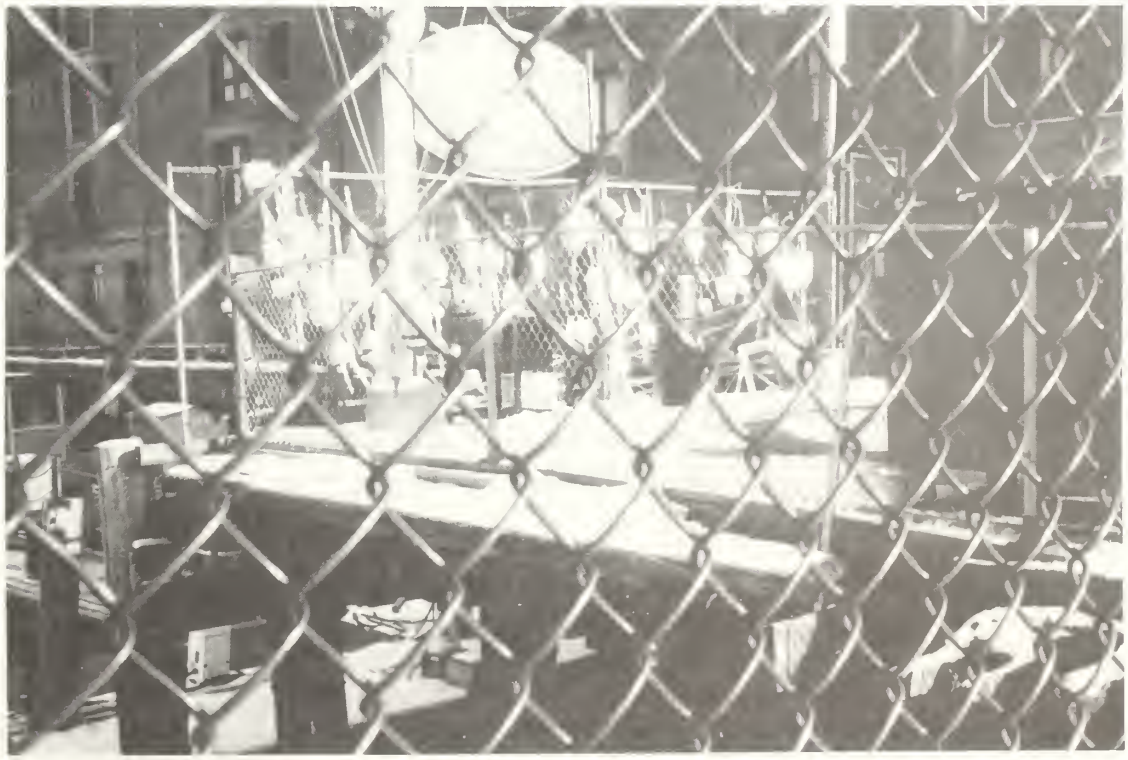
To make sense in someone else's world is impossible. So I wanted only one thing…to respect the rules of that world, even if the queen had died and left no one to rule, I would write her into my history book. I'd take her clothes back to New York.

There in the room she had died in…I told her cloths to perk up, because they'd soon make their Manhattan debut. Through two generations of difference I'd try and understand her. If not through the meter of her words…then through the same measure of our hips.

Untitled

I saw you cry last night
After we put down our weapons, and bled a little...
and I reached out in instinct,
but you drew away.
The night grew so pointless, and the cold made you shake...
as I watched you glossy eyed admit your mistake
It wasn't enough to make me love you, I thought,
as I held a man in my arms like a babe...
it wasn't enough, but would have to do...
as your tears grew frosty and my lips turned blue
I'm half your size-ten years less in age-
but I am your comfort, I am your sage
I'm leaving to live and won't take you along
but I watched as you blinked and the tears jeweled your coat
and I knew, like you knew there would never be antidote
and so you cried for the future, and I cooed like good bye
and we played out the night-as you mourned, as I lied...
I forgave you your need as I forgive my defect
hoping love is not this, that it can be perfect
and if I am cruel...I can't see why you stay...
for I watched you cry, but there's nothing more I want to say.

-Anonymous



Racing

She's running faster and faster,
She can't let him catch her,
Warm wet tears run down her face,
Will she ever win this pathetic race,
Doesn't he realize that he's not helping at all,
She's just praying she doesn't fall,
For if she does, the race is done,
And it won't be her, who won,
She can't lose now,
She doesn't know how,
She's come too far,
But wait, oh shit, he's in the car,
"Fuck", she scrams and runs to hide,
She dives in to a chunk of forest, twig and twine,
She's breathing hard to catch her breath,
A broken soul inside is what she's kept,
She waits and listens as cars fly by,
And tries her best not to cry,
The beeper goes off, she feels it move,
To this one, her love she must prove,
She swallows her fears and begins to run,
Not knowing, nor caring what damage has been done,
She makes it to a phone and waits for her love,
She wants to fly away from this horror, as if she were a dove,
She never dreamt that when this age,
That she would be locked in her parent's cage,
They just don't want to let go,
Of their "baby girl" but is she a baby anymore? No!
She wants some freedom from this molded life,
She never knew there was a prerequisite for years of pressure and strife,
She needs to get away from this destructiveness,
To try to find a life of happiness.

Erin O'Leary

GRASS OF MY SOUL

Open fields stretch out before me
No obstacles to inhibit exploration
Not time
Not heat
Not anyone or anything negative
This place is amazing in its empty splendor
The soft wind plays tag with the even softer grass
No view of life in any direction
The ground is green
So green
As if God had dropped giant emeralds from the sky and they shattered
Creating a million pieces of glowing landscape
My ears are devoid of the sounds of the city
The beep-beep of car horns
The rushing of people babbling themselves into the distance with indiglo cell-phones
Ghoulishly illuminating their profiles
The hideous squeal of the subway
The rise and fall of no-name corporations and eternal dot com insanity
The cable company's junk mail
All a thousand or more miles away from my tender spot in the most beautiful of creation
A quiet stream gingerly cuts a watery path through the Earth
Small, smooth rocks line the muddy banks
My mind wanders to the ends of the field with the stream
Memories as numerous as the waters which have flowed before me
All of the stringent, painful throes of humanity which have doused my existence in acid
Carved my soul into red and white shreds with the razor blades of being born ugly, cold, and annoying
But here I can be a nuisance to no one
Because
I am alone
Finally happy and complete in my solitude
The grass has no ears
I cannot see my sickening reflection in the water of the stream
Even though its waters flow crystal clear
So exile is freedom
All that exists in this supernal place nature and me
Perfect harmony
So I lay down
Flat on my back
Melting into the beautiful soil
So I can finally be beautiful myself

-Richard Greene

Judgment

My life is someone else's judgment,
One big, long, painstaking punishment,
I'd like to run so fast and hide,
From all the years I've sat and cried,
If only it could be that easy,
But just remembering those memories makes my stomach queasy,
People only see my illusion outside,
They don't feel my pain inside,
And it's not so much that I feel bad for myself,
I just wish I could stuff those memories in a jar and store them on a shelf,
"You're young", they say,
Maybe young now, but I'm getting older with every passing day,
Introduced to the world in such a cruel way,
Not knowing if I want to see the next day,
Wondering if this is the way I'm supposed to feel,
And why the pain of a broken soul is so real,
I sometimes wish I knew,
What else there is that I can do,
To try to stop this feeling,
And I can see it's stealing,
Years off my life,
Only to gain years of strife,
I grew up so fast only to mature,
And only now to realize there's really nothing more,
So now I'm stuck here,
Because I can't go back another year,
I just hope it gets better, than it is now,
Even though I don't know when and I sure as hell don't know how.

Erin O'Leary

EVEN A BAD SEED GROWS

I burned my G.I. Joes Today
Then I burned a little hay
Threw my tricycle in the lake
As it kicked in and I got baked
I left father's money in
A drunken beggars begging tin
Then I tore the head off Skeletor
And smashed He-Man into the floor
I pawned my Golden Books away
And bought Mein Kampf and some LaVey
Then I went and shaved my head
And cut the stuffing from my bed
Memorized the works of Marx
And screamed them out loud in the park
Put my striped stars back on
Got a ride home from Nabokov
With my books and youth away and hid
I let them go to be a kid

-Richard Greene

Symphony: Water and Light

During the walk down the dirt pathway, just to see something so beautiful, I could hear the sound of the water crashing against the vast rock wall. The banging of the water was almost deafening. The sounds were like an airplane on the runway and ready to take off. Through hundreds of sycamore trees I could feel the tiny water drops bouncing off the pool of water. The tree branches were soaked. I could feel the cold sprinkle and it gave me a chill down my spine. And there it was, hundred of feet high, the largest waterfall a man has ever seen. It stood over three hundred feet high and every inch was the amber rock was beautiful. The clouds were just right on this day, leaving tiny holes for the sun to shine through. Just as I arrived the sun's rays lit up the waterfall like turning on a switch to turn on the Christmas lights on Christmas eve. I stood on a rock from a distance, but still could feel the immense power and the water that the falls were pumping.

The falls were in a half over shape. I was standing to the direct center, and water was beating down only to my front. At the top, the water was spilt into two sections only to join back together about fifty feet down. The water was intense. Almost like a shaken can of beer that has just been opened. The water shot over the top and foamed over the edge. It trickled down the side and the colors got darker. The darker shades were at the bottom and the top was ice blue. But as the water streamed down the falls the colors got darker, just like a shaken can of beer. It was as if the sun never shined here. Only the shine when humans were present. There was a little rainbow that came from the left front. That was so magnificent. I saw all the colors. The blues and the purples were the most noticeable. And at the end when the water was over the edge a few feet down stream the water was calm again.

Eric Balut

Wind

Steadily the wind blows,
And rustles the leaves,
Makes them dance wildly under streetlights,
And shivers the branches on neighborhood trees,

I sit on the curb,
A chill runs up my spine,
I listen to the howling wind,
Waiting for my life to unwind,

I'm hoping the wind will have answers,
For the questions I present to thee,
But yet the wind had failed again,
To be of any help to me,

I just some advice,
To help me through these tough times,
And although I'm sure the answers will never come,
I'm always searching for a sign.

Erin O'Leary

American Dream

Choked by values,
They want me to be the "American dream"
Lectured by hindsight,
Scolded with prejudges,
But what do I want to be?
Fuck the American dream,
There's no such thing,
It's a fabricated concept,
No one ever really lives that "dream",
Because no one ever can,
This dream does not exist,
Face the facts and slit your wrists,
You can never do it,
Nor achieve this perfection,
They realize this but continue to yell,
Bo hand is offered,
To help me out of this hell,
But yet there is a hand,
Only to push me down,
Emotionless faces look on,
While I drown.

Anonymous

He screams
With excitement
Though this never happened
All is a fantasy
In your own mind
One would never know
Should never know
Which reality exists
When fantasy mixed in
your life
flipped upside down
Taking peace
A piece of herself was left behind
I think some time ago
years ago
A lifetime ago
My lifetime ago
He kissed me good night
Everything ended there
He walked out with my love

Nikalette Ginger Huindora Elizabeth McIntyre-Watts

Excuse me Mr. Gore

Excuse me Mr. Gore, but I have a few things to say
I know you're a busy man so I'll be brief
I hate to be disagreeable, but I think I can handle my Baby Glock better than you think I can
Would you call me a bad seed to my face on my way to the voting booth because I like to shoot at targets with my dad
Help, Mr. Gore, control my mind so I can see where I went wrong in my tortured upper-class suburban youth
Tell me what I can say in my poetry so that I don't offend any republicans, since you're so sensitive to everyone's feelings
Hey, Mr. Gore, help me exhume Thomas Jefferson so you can tell him to his face that he was wrong about self-government
Then we can go find every member of the constitutional convention and make them take out a line or two about the electoral college and replace it with something about campaign finance
I'm sorry Mr. Gore, but I can find better use for my money than giving to you so you can put it in your pose-depression new deal big government shoe box and hide it from the people under Lincoln's bed
My apologies Mr. Gore, but I'm just not that influenced by TV
Quick Mr. Gore! Shut me up! I know how you tried to ban heavy metal in the 80's why didn't you tell that to MTV or Rolling Stone when they begged my generation to vote for you
Hey, hold on a minute Mr. Gore, some of this isn't adding up
You take campaign money from Jesse Jackson but choose a "himey" as your running mate
How can you give someone the option of killing a fetus and not give me the option of smoking a joint while I watch the Simpsons
How many more kids are going to have to die before you end the war on drugs
Excuse me Mr. Gore, but why do you assume that an average black man is inferior to you
Why do you make them believe that they need you and your government to survive
If I was them then I'd burn every bit of dirty welfare money you sent me and spread the ashes over Malcolm X park, just to prove you wrong
I'm sorry Mr. Gore, but I think I can run my life better than you think I can
I'm not going to let you revoke my God-given right to self-government because you want your brain in my head
Mr. Gore, why do you say you speak for the lower class but get the majority of your votes from states where living costs are the highest
Mr. Gore, why don't you go jack off with your big government thumb in your ass and spray it all over the poor
In short: TO HELL WITH YOU MR. GORE!

-Richard Greene

A SIMPLE CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY

"I think she said her name was Fiona", I overheard Tommy say as I approached him. He was speaking into his cell-phone so loudly that I could hear his somewhat girlish voice even with his back to me and over the traffic of West 8th avenue near the Port Authority. It was odd that I'd see him there, he heardly left his little flat in Yonkers since a kitchen fire at Quizno's had claimed the left side of his face last year. He was holding the phone to the remains of his left ear, so that explains his shouting. It isn't that odd to see someone with half a face standing outside the Port Authority screaming in a girlish voice anyway.

"Tommy!" I said, tapping him on the shoulder.

He turned around, placing the cell-phone into the pocket of his long black coat.

"Fuck do you want?" said a complete and rather attractive face a middle aged man who hadn't shaved since two days ago.

"Nothing...sorry...though you were someone else."

The stranger mumbled something, probably an ethnic slur as many of the locals to this area are still fond of and walked into the Port Authority, stopping only for a second to drop a dime, or maybe a nickel, into a beggar's cigar box.

I've never thought people to be as bad as they seem, maybe if I had no job, a couple of medals from Vietnam, and a cigar box...

I thought about it as I went on my, walking, too cheap to take the subway back to the village. I got about halfway home, then I stopped, and decided to head out to Yonkers, just to see if Tommy had gotten plastic surgery.

-Richard Greene

Drunk on Wine

I'll tell you now, like children under blankets, that I love you.
There were moments that my heart stopped, scared into stone...
That I savored, drunk on paperback wishes.
A passing sage once told me to live like death was my next love.
To follow whims with fury.
So I'll tell you, knowing you never met that sage...
Knowing your mind is having a conversation with my thighs...
That I want to live inside you.
Keeping your breath warm with mine.
Take your eyes from you and place them in the sea,
Protected and tearless.
I'm bending like a top heavy flower...
Stricken to earth...
Without the slightest hope of response,
I'll tell you now so I can't lie in the future...
As we float on different currents,
That I'm a fish in a wine glass...
Drunk on your color, drunk on your sweet...
Drunk like death, but still on my feet.

Two

Undecided,
Being pulled from both sides,
My heart broken,
Confusion is all I find,

No sympathy,
No advice,
No real answer,
My own will have to survive,

Two sides being pulled,
Who will win this fight?
How does one know?
Which love will be right?

Two different people,
Two different loves,
Two different seeds,
For two different doves,

But will both fly away,
And leave me here alone,
Or will one stay to make my dreams come true,
But either of their choices, I just can't condone,

But what will happen,
What will come?
Will we make it?
Or will we trade for different loves,

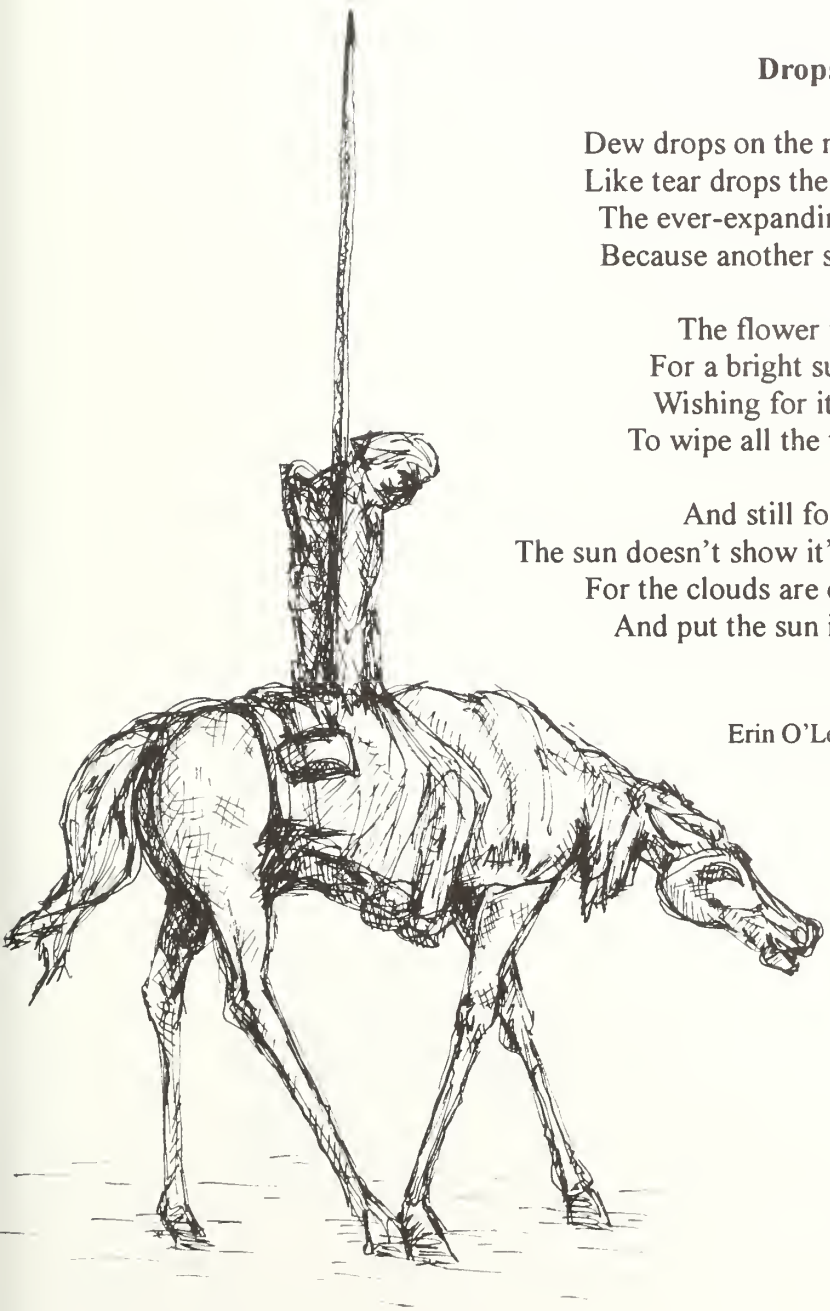
What is happening?
Why are you changing?
Too many feelings,
Are re-arranging,

In a way, I now wish,
Nothing was ever said,
But due to ignoring,
Would the feelings have been dead?

Erin O'Leary

Suspension of Love

I want to believe that I have converted you,
But heart are over-populated cities
And you haven't traveled far.
I wake to your sin lit silhouette,
Wondering each new day, are you mine yet,
But who am I to question faith?
The truth that lies behind truth,
is a mollusk.
Soft inside shell, pitiful to touch,
If this theatrical love,
A test of will to keep a striate face in the light,
I have no will to produce lies.
I want to hear one solid stone statement...
That subdues my limbo, and tackles my hurt,
But you stay as sleepy and constant as clouds,
Dewy and critical as water to a thirsting spirit.
I want to believe that we are mated mutually,
This tangle budding roses not thorns,
So that when you wake tomorrow,
I can love you, new born.



Drops

Dew drops on the morning grass,
Like tear drops the sky has cried,
The ever-expanding sky is sad,
Because another soul has died,

The flower yearns,
For a bright sunny day,
Wishing for its arrival,
To wipe all the tears away,

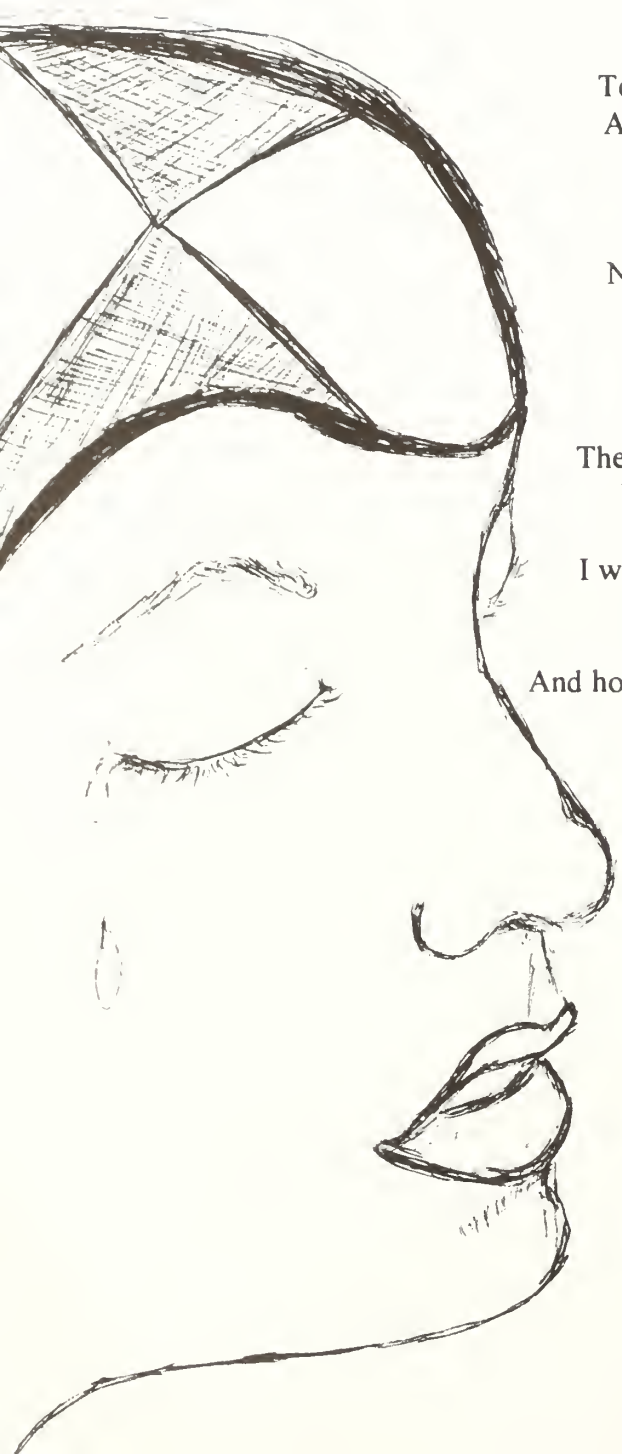
And still for days,
The sun doesn't show it's bright warm face,
For the clouds are overpowering,
And put the sun in her place.

Erin O'Leary

Fallen Angel

An angel has fallen
From the sky
To take away
All the tears I've cried

This angel has come
To take me away
To bring a far
To find somewhere else to stay



This angel has come
to clear my mind
To sacrifice for my bad deeds
And other things of that kind

I wish to go
Where no one lies
No worries and no problems
And no one dies

There is no suffering
And no one feels pain
There is only love and friendship
No more hatred or disdain

I want to go away with my angel
To leave and never return
I want to embrace death
And hove no more "life lessons" to learn

-Anonymous

A KITCHEN STORY

I hear my name being called from downstairs.
"Dinner's ready" echoes through the house
"I'll be there in a minute!"
The smell of steam, pasta and artichokes drifts upstairs

Five minutes later my name is being called again
"It's gonna get cold!"
"O.K.!"

Another minute passes
"Come on, the food is on the table!!"
"Alright!!!!"

I enter the kitchen and sit in my "assigned" seat
The windows are foggy as usual
We talk
"How is school, how was Joey's football practice, what did you do today?"
The room fills with laughter and jokes as my Dad goes for thirds, complaining about his weight.

-Marika Lazzaretti